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Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effects upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osceola,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchener,
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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular product, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
The Contain Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

NYE GROWS TENDER

ENVELOPED IN MOONLIGHT, HE WHILES THE NIGHT AWAY.

A Midnight Cry That Drew a Crowd Around a Commercial Traveler—Some Surprises in Store For the Lecturer—An Apt Poem That Gives His Method.

[Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.]
IN TEXAS,
DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE, U. S. A.,
Texas is a most beautiful state at this season of the year; but, my patience, how hot it is! It was practically midsummer here six weeks ago. The trees were then in full leaf, and the vines were four or five feet long already. From my room at the hotel in Austin, which is now owned by "Sam'l of Posen," I can see far away over the rolling landscape, blue with wild flowers and blue clover, a very pretty blossom, which lit-



erally turns the billowy picture into a rimless sweep of ocean, with clusters of rich green live oaks and pecan trees apparently growing in this blue sea of clover, a picture unparalleled.

What could be more beautiful as I wind along a gray ridge than the blue billows of clover 20 miles away, melting into the azure horizon, in whose clear depths float here and there the soft white plumes of the summer cloud? I was still wearing my Canadian clothes when we reached San Antonio, and every few moments I would have to remove a wet compress from my long tapering neck to replace it with a tall piccadilly collar. Oh, how hot it seemed to me, for I am not a tropical bird by any means!

At night I lay enveloped in moonlight, only while toward morning I would add a little of the delightful climate. Early in the night a honed pup poured forth his woes to the calm warm sky or the bubbling paved the earth and exorcised his voice. Then the clock bell in a faraway mission, with cracked notes which had become deokated during the hard times, sounded the hour. Then a greater full of revenge and pulque came along the street, noisy and quarrelsome. Everything united to make me wakeful and nervous.

The hours dragged by till it was most 3 o'clock. Then on the pulseless air I heard a scream, such a shriek as one only hears when life and death are in the balance.

"Murder!"
"Murder!"
"Murder!"
"He is stabbing me. Oh, will not some one come! Oh, my wife and child! For their sake, for God's sake, have mercy!"

I had never heard such a cry in my life. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. No one was in sight. I am glad of it now. Then I opened my door and stepped into the hall. Forty other gentlemen wearing a look of horror only were in the hall.

Soon the manager and a porter rushed past me and broke open a door where the murder was going on.

They found a commercial man and a vacant bottle side by side in the middle of the floor. Though the bottle was empty, it had a triumphant look. Kind hands scoured the man firmly by means of the fire escape rope to the four corners of the bed and put a folded wet sheet on top his high, intellectual forehead. In the morning he was able to be up and down stairs about five minutes ahead of the bartender.

Whisky is a great foe to sleep. Just one bottle of it kept over 100 people awake that night and very likely the following night also. One reason I like farm life on my overhanging farm in the mountains at Arden, N. C., is that I am content to drink a good full of branch water and go about my business or draw a draft from the base of my tall well at Buck Shoals and forget the hot air of the banquet room, where bumper after bumper at the midnight hour stimulates applause for dull after dinner speakers to furnish the guest of the evening.

Dear reader, did you ever make a great bit in an after dinner speech and afterward try it on a cool, methodical audience who had paid \$1 each for seats and who had not dined unwisely, but too well?

I have.

Take this advice, ye who have made a banquet hit at 1 o'clock a. m. Do not expect a cool headed audience who paid for seats to give you thousands of applause that you got after 15 courses of good food washed down by a whole South Carolina dispensary of cordials. If you do, you will run up against the largest avalanche of sod that you ever saw.

There is another disagreeable surprise in store for the lecturer, which comes largely from the realms of ignorance. I may speak freely of these things because I am now closing a farewell season on the road, I trust.

There is one element of your audience that rides 30 or 50 miles expecting to see a strange, yet comic monstrosity in a Humpty Dumpty costume do the cancan and the split. It expects you to combine the features of Jefferson,

Florence and Goodwin with those of Dan Rice, Alvin Joslin, Carmencita, De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson, Sam Jones, Mary Anderson, Gus Williams, Dr. Parkhurst, John Kelley, James Whitcomb Riley, Lillian Russell and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They come and hitch their teams in front of the courthouse, put mayonnaise dressing on their pie at the hotel and go home sad and bitterly disappointed.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, has hit the nail so squarely on the head that I venture to insert his remarks here:

Pap read in The Weekly Spear
To all us folks not long ago
"At the Bill Nye was come here
To give his great congealed show,
To take a sport of his for an end,
"At folks 'd git their money's worth,
For he would bet his bottom red
It was the greatest show on earth.

Then all us boys just buckled down
To make enough to take us in,
A-doin' clothes around the town—
By jinks, we worked like mortal sin
A-chuggin' wood an' shovelin' snow,
An' doin' every kind of a job,
For we was bound to see the show
When Bill Nye come to Hixieport.

Pap said he was the greatest one
"At ever breathed the atmosphere
An' showed his photo' to us,
"At just a sport of his for an end,
By jinks, we all just laughed outright,
An' when he held her sides an' squealed—
On top his box was just as white
As any paper ever peeled.

Pap said 'at Bill was in the way,
"At never had to march a bit—
They had 'im in the signal corps,
An' when they thought 'twas time to quit
The fightin' fur a while, pap said,
"At just a sport of his for an end,
The folks 'd out an' turn 'im loose,
An' when the rebels seed his head
They 'd know it was a flag o' truce.

Pap said 'at once a big cyclone
Come howlin' round where Bill was at,
An' he just stood up on a stone,
An' lifted up his ole white hat.
The cyclone stopped an' fetched a yell,
Then had a awful laughin' fit,
"At somebod' tuckered out an' said
It couldn't blow another bit.

When pap an' man an' six an' me
Went down to Parker's public hall,
I honest was afraid 'at we
Could never git inside at all.
It least camp meetin' times the way
The folks was crowdin' at the door—
I never seed a circus day
"At wake up the town like that afore.

The folks inside was mighty nigh
Like sheep a-cudlin' in a storm,
But I pushed through up close where I
Could see the funny cuss perform,
But goshamighty, wa'n't I sold
When Mr. Nye come out to act,
For all the stories pap had told
Were forty million miles from fact.

He didn't wear show clothes at all;
He didn't dance; he didn't sing;
His ole'n was'n't what I'd call
A public show at all, by jinks!
He hadn't one dissolv'n view,
He didn't on the tight rope walk—
I swear to gosh he didn't do
"At any thing but stand an' talk!

Here again I heard at the hotel the glad neigh of the young people who occupied the parlor after the "copy" in the village, where they came from.

Miss Pearlina Shunk played some on the piano. It was an instrument called the Burlingame and Touchstone piano and sells for \$175 to hotels. Its music is still ringing in my ears. If you could see me since I heard that wild melody, you would see a different man, and my food and my wife both agree with me now. I am more hopeful too.

Mr. Bill Nye:
Dear Sir—Please send me a good letter on this subject. It is reported that a railroad is more beneficial than a steamship or sailing vessel. I am on the railroad side there fore I want you to make it appear that railroad is the most beneficial and obliging one of the subscribers to the weekly paper. Your respectfully,
STELLA, WASH. J. H. H. H.

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STELLA, WASH. J. H. H. H.

to be a great and good man and to make such arrangements toward the end of life that the poor and needy may come miles to see my nice tall monument without money and without price.

What is your favorite animal?
My favorite animal is the new milk cow. The dog is a faithful animal, but he is not by nature so pure or noble as the milk cow. In the language of the president, "She gives us milk to drink and meat to eat besides. Her hide may be made into boots and shoes, with which we may walk from place to place and thus get there."

How can we compare the career of the office seeker with that of the sinless cow? She does not come in for the purpose of annoyance, like the office seeker does. She does not hold her hat in her hand and point out her good qualities to the president, as so many do, but gives us nice fresh milk from day to day. Hurrah for the milk cow, boys, and may she have many happy returns!

But the cow is not talented. I had one once that I enjoyed looking at a great deal, but she would eat clothing even with a pasture full of nice garlic before her.

One night the milk did not taste of garlic, but of an Irishman who worked on the street near her pasture, and with whom I was on terms of intimacy.

I started away to the house, hoping to settle with the family at once, but met him on the way and found that it was his coat only that she had eaten. I paid for that one and nine others belonging to the rest of the gang that summer. They got so that they would rub an old coat over her head and give her an air which I recognized, and then I would have to pay for the coat. I bought nine coats that way without seeing them, for every one who will stop and think for a moment will remember how dark a cow is to strow around in, especially in the third stomach. And could not have told which was the coat of her stomach and which were the Irishman's.

Boots may be made from the cow and also the tallow to beautify them for wearing purposes.

I believe that the day is not far distant when the cow cud will be utilized, and that the salosity will also lower from the cow the art of raising and lowering the cud at will. Heretofore the cow cud is the only thing that Mr. Armour has been unable to work into a profit, but I prophesy with my little prophesier that some day the cow cud will be used behind all our counters both by our salesclerks and gents.

In fancy I hear even now: "Hello, Mame! Have you yer eye cut?"
"Yes, ye bet ye, I did, Maudie, but I found that Earle had been a chawin' of it."

"Well, I never! I lose of mine, I've learnt how to swally it and then resume like cows does."

He Would Wait.
He was a testy old chap, and when he found there was no steam heat in the hotel (this happened last January, and it would cost him half a dollar for a fire in his room he got into a huff and went off to bed in the cold. It was real cold, too, and the old fellow almost froze before he could undress, and when he got under the cover it wasn't much better, for there wasn't enough cover in the house to make that room warm on such a night. About 3 o'clock in the morning a loud rap came on his door, followed by a lot more.

"What do you want?" he asked, with his teeth chattering in a storm.
"Get up quick! There's a fire in the basement!" came the alarming response.
"Go away from there and let me alone," he shouted back.

There were several kicks on the door, and the man in the hall yelled:
"Get up. The house is afire, and you'll be burned up."
"Go away from there, I tell you," shouted the testy guest. "I'm glad to know there's a fire somewhere in the house, and I'm going to stay where I am till it gets up here. I'd like to know what this room would feel like if it was warm."

Twenty minutes later a fireman from a ladder took the testy guest out of the window.—Exchange.

A Broken Idol.
A couple from Accomac county, Va., had seats in the senate gallery at Washington and were enjoying their novel surroundings. Presently the man nudged the woman.
"Gemently, Jeminy," he exclaimed, "look at them doers!"
"What 'at them doers?" she asked.
"W'y, they ain't much bigger'n any other doers."
"Course they ain't. Why should they be?"
He was silent for a minute.
"Well, well," he said at last in a tone of disappointment, "who'd a think it! I've heerd so much about what big men, United States senators was that I'd a swore that a whole pained had to be tack onto the wall for 'em to git in at," and until they left the sacred precincts there was naught in his face but the shadow of a fallen idol.—Detroit Free Press.

Didn't Tangle Him.
The satisfaction that every one must feel at the triumph of the boy is due to the same feeling which prompts a big hearted man to take the part of the "under dog."

Walter was the important witness, and one of the lawyers, after cross questioning him severely, said:
"Your father has been talking to you and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"
"Yes," said the boy.
"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."
"Well," said the boy modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try to tangle me, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyers didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.—Massachusetts

CAT WHO LAUGHED

Howard Fielding Tells Some Funny Newspaper Stories.

Trinity Church and the Harem of the Grand Turk—How Editor Christy Received Two Kickers—Portrait of a College President.

[Copyright, 1894.]
I fell into a jolly company of journalists at dinner, the other evening, and heard a lot of funny stories, about queer things that have happened in newspaper offices. There is no particular reason why they should be told now, except that my thrifty spirit prompts me to get ahead of the other fellows.

We began, I believe, on the old and fruitful subject of typographical error. Somebody told a story which he tacked on to A. P. Kelly. It was an episode of wild western journalism. Kelly was an editor, and his com-



ing-room was giving him a good deal of trouble. One day he was reading an editorial proof which began badly, and got worse and worse. Finally, at a point where Kelly had been demolishing the argument of a contemporary, he reached words which he had written thus: "Now, if we consider his major premise, we find a total absurdity." In the proof, instead of major premise appeared, "Major Prentice." A military gentleman of that name was a well-known character of the town, and a friend of the paper.

When Kelly got as far as that he lost all patience. He underscored this last colossal blunder, wrote "cussed fool" on the margin of the proof and sent it to the foreman with verbal instructions to bounce the compositor who had made the error. It did not reach the foreman; it went to the man who was correcting the galley in which the editorial stood. He was a man who obeyed orders if he broke owners, and this was the way the editorial finally appeared.

"When we consider this Major Prentice (cussed fool) we find a total absurdity." This naturally hurt the major's feelings a good deal, but the result to Kelly was not so serious as it would have been to some men, because he can drive little tacks with a revolver at fifteen paces, and shoot faster than anybody else on earth.

This story led me to tell of a foolish thing I did, a good many years ago, when I was the city editor and had the reporter staff of a Fall River paper. I wrote the story of Decoration day, having viewed the exercises from one of the carriages in the procession. We passed, on our line of march, a handsome residence with a broad lawn before it; and on this lawn stood a white-haired old man with a flag in his hand. I had just come to town, and was obliged to ask the name of this fine-looking and patriotic gentleman. Afterwards I wrote him up in the story to the extent of a long and glowing paragraph. I spoke of him as the "venerable Mr. so-and-so, a model of piety and patriotism." And the next day I was informed by nearly everybody in the town, beginning with the editor of the paper, that Mr. so-and-so had a reputation that wouldn't bear thinking of, and that the adjective venerable might have been applied more appropriately to Capt. Kidd. I forgot what it was that he had done, but he ought to have been hanged for it.

But queer things don't happen to obscure papers only. In illustration of this fact, somebody told of the remarkable mix-up which startled the readers of the Sunday Sun a few years ago. There were two long, illustrated articles in that day's paper which, even if nothing had happened to them, would have attracted more interest, perhaps, than anything else in that number. One of them told all about Trinity church, and the other described the

adventures of a person who had been charmingly entertained in the harem of the grand Turk. I remember seeing both of these articles. I don't know why I happened to read the Oriental narrative first, for the other was evidently better suited to a serious-minded person, but somehow I did. It described a great number of entrancingly beautiful women who were said to have received the narrator with great condescension. He conversed with Rose-in-Bloom, Star-of-the-Evening, and other equally well-named, and finally encountered Rev. Morgan Dix and several assistant rectors of Trinity church, who talked with him cheerfully, and did not seem to feel at all embarrassed at being discovered at that particular place. But presently I noticed that Rose-in-Bloom and her friends did not appear in the article

has never been printed, and, unless he was more than human, it could not be. When this story had been told, somebody asked whether the president had called at the Globe office with a gun, and this suggested the general subject of kickers. This led one of the company to tell a story on Editor Christy, of the Worcester Telegram, who, it appears, received a complaining delegation under circumstances exceptionally ally trying to his dignity.

It was past midnight, and the Sunday paper was almost ready to go to press. Mr. Christy had received from his tailor on the previous day a new suit of clothes which had been delivered at his office instead of his residence. The hard working editor was too tired to carry the big box home, and as he wished to wear the clothes next day, he decided to get them on in the office. And, besides, the boys were anxious to see how the chief would look in a new suit, and Mr. Christy always aimed to please.

So about one o'clock he laid aside his trenchant pen, bit off a fresh piece of tobacco, and took the new suit out of the box. The office was then a large room without partitions or screens of any kind, but Mr. Christy was superior to the prospecting of false modesty, and he removed his outer garments, while the editor, the city editor and a couple of reporters looked on and wondered when they would be able to have any new clothes.

"That's a fine looking pair of pants," Mr. Christy, said the city editor, as he superior took them up.

"I thought you'd like them," responded the genial chief, standing on one foot and inserting the other in the new garment.

Just at that critical moment the door opened, and two ladies rushed in to the room.

"Is the editor in?" they cried.
"No," thundered Mr. Christy, hoping about on one foot and rapidly endeavoring to find a place for the other one; "and if you don't get out of here and give him a chance, he never will be."

The two women screamed and ran away, and nobody has ever learned who they were or what they wished to complain of. That they had a "kick" of some kind to make is perfectly certain, but when they saw what kind of a high kick Editor Christy was they promptly abandoned the field.

Howard Fielding.

"Proud Mother—Isn't my son Algy charming?"
"Young Lady—Yes, indeed; he's per feet little lad."—Good News.

Chatterboxes After Cases.
Tommy (with covetous eyes)—"What all that big lot of cake for grandpas?"
Mamma—No, dear; this is for you.
Tommy—Gib-b—what a little bit—Puck.

No Doctor of Fate.
"Do you think, doctor," asked Cholly Tinkles, anxiously, "the symptoms indicate softening of the brain?"
"Not at all, sir," replied the physician, decidedly. "Not at all. There are no indications of brain disorder. The trouble lies at the upper end of the spinal cord. Let me see your tongue."—Chicago Tribune.

Madison Avenue HOTEL,

Madison Ave. and 58th St.,
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Two blocks from the Third and Sixth Avenue Elevated railroads.
The Madison and 4th Ave. and Bel. Line cars pass the door.
H. M. CLARK, Prop.
Passenger Elevator runs all night.

HOTEL GEUDA

Formerly GILBERT Hotel,
GEUDA SPRINGS, - KAN.

Now Open for Summer Visitors
Pleasant Rooms, Good Table
Wide, Shaded Verandas
Unexcelled Mineral Water and a Genuine Seaside
Salt Water Bath
IN KANSAS.

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\$2 TO \$3 PER DAY
JNO. B. CAREY Prop.
C. W. CAREY, Mgr

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Occidental Hotel.
TRANSIENT RATES \$1 and \$1.25 PER DAY.
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ROOM AND BOARD \$4 PER WEEK.
TABLE BOARD \$3.50 PER WEEK.
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Table Unsurpassed.
Corner Main and Second Streets.
A. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

HOTEL METROPOLE.

Rates \$2.00 Per Day.
Passenger Elevator, Steam Heat, Electric Light, Racks. Best sample room in city.
WICHITA, KANSAS.

HE HAD THEM DEAD.

A Clever Little Poker Yarn with a Reasonable Moral.

Young men ought not to play poker—or old men, for that matter—at any time, and when poker is played in business hours the harmlessness of the act is doubtful. So, says the New York Press, when President Warren Elliott, of the Wilmington & Weldon railway, came unexpectedly upon a group of his young men playing poker, with coffee beans for chips, the other day, he accepted their explanation that there was no work on hand and the game was "just for amusement." At some remote period of his existence Mr. Elliott had been initiated into the intricacies of the game, and so he drew up a chair and watched it with interest. Each young man had in front of him a pile of coffee beans, which, as they were careful to explain to the president, were of no value whatever. As a matter of fact, they had been bought of the banker for twenty-five cents each. The president of the road watched the game with mild interest, and from time to time absently helped himself to a pinch of beans from the different piles on the table, muttering them with the indifferent air of a man who knew that unground coffee was only forty cents a pound. The anguish of the young men, who saw their chips melt away, was poignant, but nobody dared to explain. When the president had consumed all the beans in sight he said good night in the most affable way and went off with an innocent smile on his rosy, cheerful face. The gentleman who kept the bank and had no chips to redeem is now a warm admirer of the president.

English Plural Terminations.
Remember: though box in the plural makes boxes.
The plural of ox should be oxen, not oces; and remember though fence in the plural is fences.
That the plural of goose isn't geeses nor geeses.
And remember though house in the plural is houses.
The plural of mouse should be mice and not mouses.
Moose, it is true, in the plural is mice.
But the plural of house should be houses, not hoes.
And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet.
But the plural of road should be roads and not roods.

Rank Hereby.
Joss—Rev. Dr. Thirly doesn't officiate at society weddings any more; the girls have turned him down.
Bess—Since when?
Joss—Since his sermon on "Put not your trust in princes."—Puck.

Asking Too Much of a Lamb Boy.
"Maw, I want to go fishing."
"I would rather have you work in the garden this morning, Willie."
"I'm too lame, maw. It's just all I can do to dig worms."—Chicago Tribune.

An Honored Guest.
She—Did you have a nice time out in Arizona?
He—Yes, indeed. Why, my host gave a funeral party for my special benefit.